

THE MISSIONARY
HERALD
AT HOME AND ABROAD

Holiday Edition
1944



In this issue:

The Light of the World

BY HALFORD E. LUGGCK

BECKLER PRESS

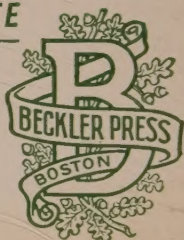
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The Missionary Herald

At Home and Abroad

Published monthly September to June inclusive, except during December and January when issued bi-monthly by the Missions Council of the Congregational Christian Churches for the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the Board of Home Missions, the Council for Social Action and the State Conferences. (Continuing the *American Missionary* and *The Missionary Herald*)

Vol. CXL

DECEMBER, 1944 – JANUARY, 1945

No. 9

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Cover picture, courtesy of Sidney J. Burgoyne and Sons, Philadelphia

The oldest magazine in continuous circulation in the United States

Published regularly since 1805

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Published by THE MISSIONARY HERALD AT HOME AND ABROAD, 44 Portland St., Worcester, Mass. Editorial Offices, ANDREW VANCE McCracken, Ph.D., Editor, 287 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y. General Office: HARVEY L. MEEKEN, Manager, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Subscription price 25 cents per year. Canadian and foreign postage 36 cents additional. Entered as Second Class Matter February 3, 1940, at the Post Office, Worcester, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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*The brightest gleam that ever shone
Across the dark world's night
Was not reflected from the throne
Of selfishness or might.
Nor was the torch that led the way
To any diadem.
It was love's gentle, golden ray—
The star of Bethlehem.*

*The light that longest shall abide
Among the distant years,
And leave on weary faces dried
The most of human tears,
Is not the glow reflected far
From splendor's gleaming gem.
It is the light of one lone star—
The star of Bethlehem.*

THE ROAD OF THE STAR . . .

THE best of mankind has always dared to believe that somewhere, somehow, sometime a good life in a good world will be achieved.

So, from the dark gray morning of human existence there stretches a long, tortuous threadway—the road of the star—along which mankind has moved forward, haltingly but courageously, toward a time bright with the splendor of a fadeless day.

Milleniums ago the Babylonians, in a world where so much faded into shadows filled with phantoms, followed their star—Ishtar—to a clearing of light in the lush meadows of the Mesopotamia, and there they built their temples. Later the Egyptians groped and faltered through the star-sprinkled splendor of the night on the path of their star—Osiris—the enemy of cold, famine and bleakness.

Generations later the Greeks, in their little land of broken valleys and seaswept cliffs, burned their altar fires to Zeus, and on the wild plateaus of western Asia, the Persians kneeled in adoration of Mazdah, their star of the greatest light.

But in this timeless adventure of the human spirit and this timeless inquiry of the human mind, the star of Bethlehem, shining upon the greatest gift to mankind, stands brightest, with its luminous promises, amid all these flickering spearheads of light.

"God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

This month the star of Bethlehem, shining the more brightly against the backdrop of life's gray fears and grim facts, proclaims afresh its eternal message that the Lord Jesus is today our only sure and certain hope as we and all mankind walk our dim and darkened paths.

In the light of its blessed promises and divine assurances, Christians the world over will breathe once more an air of expectancy, as of something immense, impending! Thank God, who alone could have conceived it, for Bethlehem's star.

But with all its joys and blessings, the star of Bethlehem also challenges us, as never before, to act now—in sharing sacrificially with our fellowmen who have been emotionally unseated and physically impoverished by this war, in facing squarely our obligation to do for the world a great unselfish service, and in demonstrating the sincerity of our profession that we are Christians.

Share more generously than ever before through your Every Member Canvass, or its equivalent.

"Whoso hath this world's good and beholdeth his brother in need and shutteth up his compassion from him, how doth the love of God abide in him?"

The Light of the World

BY HALFORD E. LUCCOCK



IT is no accident that the Christmas story is the story of a shining light.

As it was in the beginning, it is now, and ever shall be. The Messianic hope, as it gleams in the Old Testament, was the promise of light—

“The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light.” In the story of Bethlehem—“Behold a star.”

“The angel of the Lord came down, and glory shone around.” Ever since, the symbol of Christmas has been the lighted candle.



Light never meant more in our world than today, for it has been, and is, a dark place.

A newspaper correspondent in London, trying to convey an idea of the pitch black of the blackout, wrote, "It was so dark that the cats ran into each other!" That would be a dark night!

The shade of despair has been well indicated by the statement of a man during this war, "I am only in my forties, yet I have lived from a time when no good dream seemed impossible, to one in which no calamity seems improbable." The people who sat in darkness . . .

This Christmas of 1944 comes as the lighting of a gigantic candle. The phonograph shops have been dusting off a popular record of two years ago, "When the Lights Go On Again." The music is more suggestive of Tin Pan Alley than of Symphony Hall. Nevertheless, it does express a deeply felt and universal hope.

Yet, even though it pictures lights coming on in a dark world, it is not a Christmas carol. For the song has real dangers wrapped up in it, as do all things composed mostly of sentimentalism. Like the mood of millions who hear it, it represents the feeling that somehow all the lights in this blacked-out world are going to come on automatically, as though, when the command to "cease firing" comes, the lights will come on as though a giant switch had been thrown in some distant unseen powerhouse.

That is a hazy, lazy way of thinking. The Christmas revelation was neither hazy nor lazy.

There are two massive truths to remember amid our longing for light, both of which are symbolized by the Christmas candle. The *first* is that lights will not come on permanently in our world unless they come on

inside people. The *second* is that they will not come on permanently anywhere unless they come on everywhere.

Lights must come on inside the hearts and minds of men—inside the secret places where the springs of life are coiled and motives are formed.

Christmas is chemistry; it brings the possibility of not merely mechanical changes, but of inner transformation. The world needs more than rearranged boundaries; it needs changed minds and hearts. The lights will not come on unless the Word that became flesh on the first Christmas becomes the head of the corner of the world's life, social and political.

The light of the Christmas candle must come on everywhere. That we can see today as men could never see it before. Mankind is bound in one bundle of life. It is a tragedy that we have had to learn that truth by the experience of being bound in one bundle of death. But that truth gleams today for all but the blind.

Men can shout to the skies, "We are interested in nothing but our own little back yards," and yet their sons go out to die on Pacific islands of which they had never heard a year or two ago. There is no isolation from death in a world which is bound together "for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse, in sickness and in health," as long as they shall live.

The only Christmas candle large enough for the church of Christ at the festival of his birth is a world-wide missionary dedication which will carry to all the earth the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. It is Christmas in Boston, in Topeka, in the state of Washington, R.F.D. It must be Christmas in China, in India, and in the isles of the sea. Change the verb: it is Christmas there, thank God!



There is good hope for us while young men trained for the business of death find greater satisfaction in the message of light and life borne by the Christmas songs

Through the labors of men and women whose hearts caught fire from the glow over the manger, light has come to those who sat in darkness.

Give free rein to your imagination for a moment to what has been done through living and giving in the Vellore Medical College in India, on Baker Island in the South Pacific, at Davao in the Philippines, among the Bantus in Africa. (See past editions of *The Missionary Herald* for articles about these Christian centers.) The star which stood over the stable in ancient Bethlehem has traveled on.

One of the most beautiful of the traditional Christmas carols is the old French one which portrays viv-

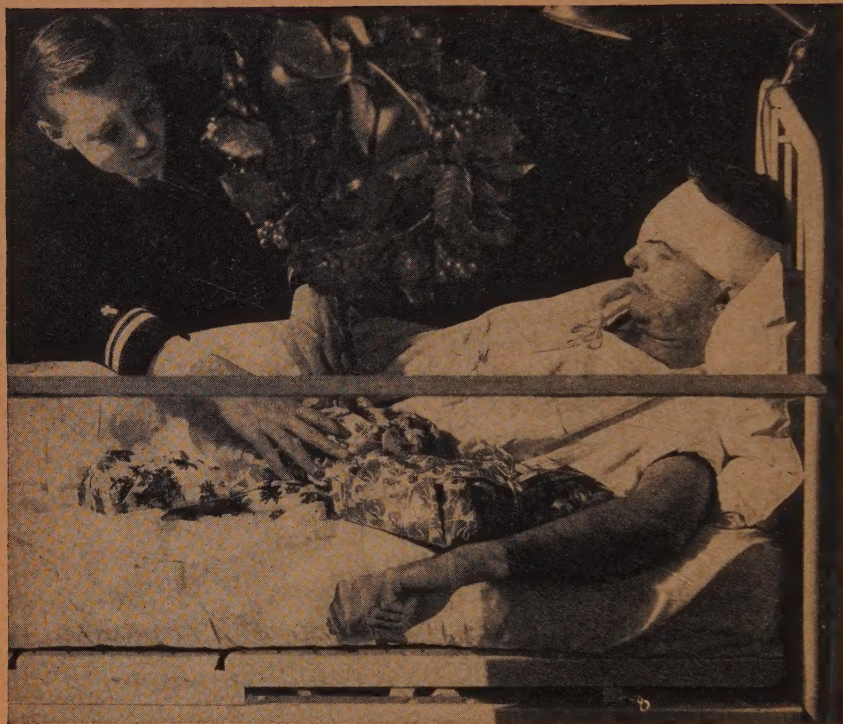
idly the sheer excitement of the birth of Jesus, as it was felt by the people of centuries ago.

It is familiar: "Bring a torch, Jeanette, Isabella! Bring a torch, to the cradle run! It is Jesus, good folk of the village, Christ is born and Mary's calling . . ."

Over the years that call comes to us today: bring a torch! Bring your life, your mind, your money—let them illuminate the path of Christ into all the earth!

Dr. Luccock is the distinguished Professor of Homiletics at Yale University Divinity School.

Photograph on page 3 courtesy of Kaufmann-fabry Co., Chicago.



Christmas in the Pacific!

BY CHAPLAIN STEPHEN E. AYERS

WHAT kind of Christmas festivities will our servicemen have out here in the islands of the Pacific this year? Probably about the same as last year, so I'll describe last year's celebration in detail.

We got the Christmas tree up two days before Christmas, and it was unique. The lad in charge set up a ten-foot bamboo pole with a large shiny star atop it. Holes had been drilled through the pole and in them palm branches were inserted. Having no tinsel or regular decorations, the tree was dressed with seventy-

five shiny stars cut from some empty cans which had contained dehydrated potatoes. Octagonal tent poles, painted brilliantly, were cut in half-inch pieces, and these were hung in profusion. In the end, it was quite a thing—our Christmas tree.

Our Christmas Eve party went mighty well. First, there was the reading of the latest news. (We run a mimeographed newspaper with world and Island news which I edit.) Then, Christmas carols—the men do love to sing. Of course, they sang



G.I. Christmas in New Guinea: the setting is different, but the spirit is the same

"I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" and "Jingle Bells."

This was the cue for Santa Claus to appear, and he did! I had asked our Chief Petty Officers to put on this stunt.

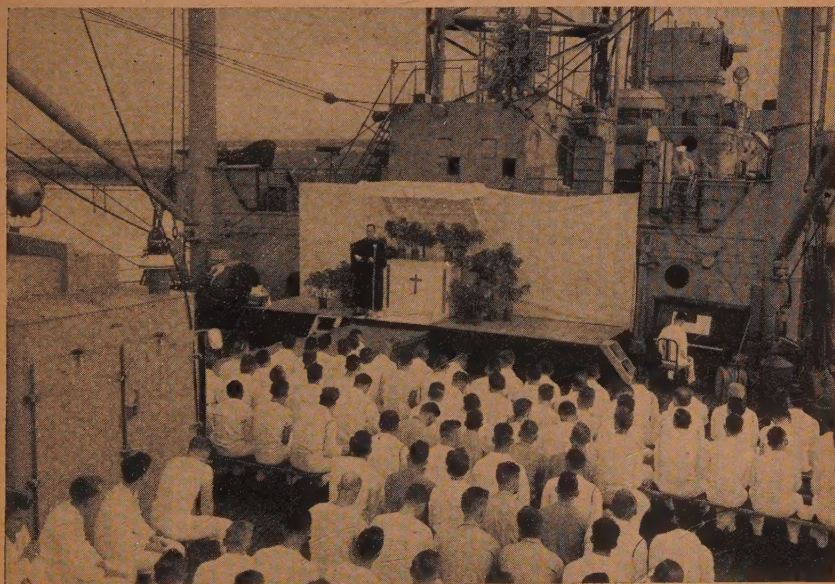
Dressed in his traditional red outfit (signal cloth) with cotton trimmings, Santa (one of the CPO's)

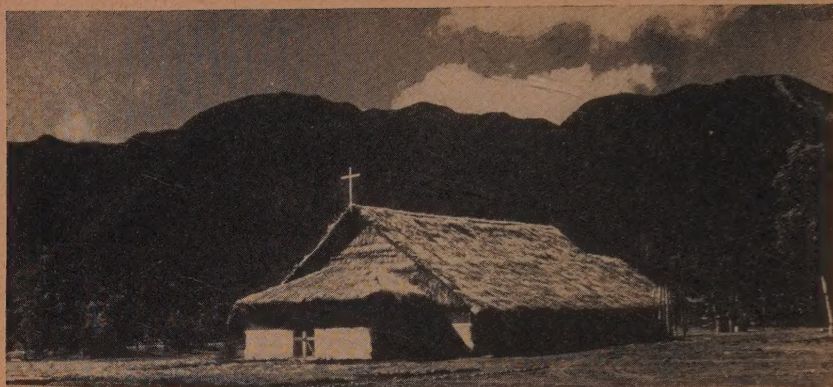
drove his reindeer and sleigh right onto the stage. Of course, the sleigh was a jeep and the reindeer were CPO's, but that made the stunt all the better. So that there would be no mistake, the four reindeer had their names on big signs hanging from their necks: Prancer, Dancer, Blixen and Vixen.

After Santa had been welcomed by our commanding officer, he passed out gifts (cocoanuts) to the crowd, and some special gifts, funny, of course, to certain individuals. When finished, we all gave him greetings to take to our folks back north. Whereupon he gathered up the reins and drove rapidly away.

Then came the Christmas pageant, taken from Matthew and Luke. I got a talented Jewish lad, trained in dramatics, to direct it. The costumes—blankets, ponchos, sheets, signal cloth—were really quite effective.

Somewhere on the seas, 250 American sailors attend Christmas services on board a battleship. There's a real Christmas tree, too, perched high on the superstructure





The Pacific is dotted today with chapels like this one, built by soldiers and Christian natives together, of native materials, for both to share in worship services

Beginning with the singing of "Silent Night," the pageant proceeded through three scenes. At the close, as the shepherds were kneeling before the manger, we all sang "O Come, All Ye Faithful." All the lights went out, then, except a dim one shining on the face of the babe. We all sang "Joy to the World."

It was remarkable the way the men received it. The huge crowd was tremendously attentive. With tears in their eyes, the men thanked me and spoke freely of the effect it had had on them.

On Christmas Day three church services were held. All were well attended. On Sunday, three services of Holy Communion were observed. At one of these services, a group of Christian natives were present. They proved to be very devout. Their native preacher was with them, and I invited him to read the scripture lesson, which he did in fairly good English.

The pageant was repeated Christmas night before another unit.

Christmas dinner was a treat—roast turkey, giblet gravy, cranberry sauce, mashed sweet potatoes with raisins, creamed Irish potatoes, fresh buttered peas, chilled pineapple

sauce, chilled assorted tinned fruits, raisin cake, hot rolls, jam, pickle relish, coffee, apple and rhubarb pie.

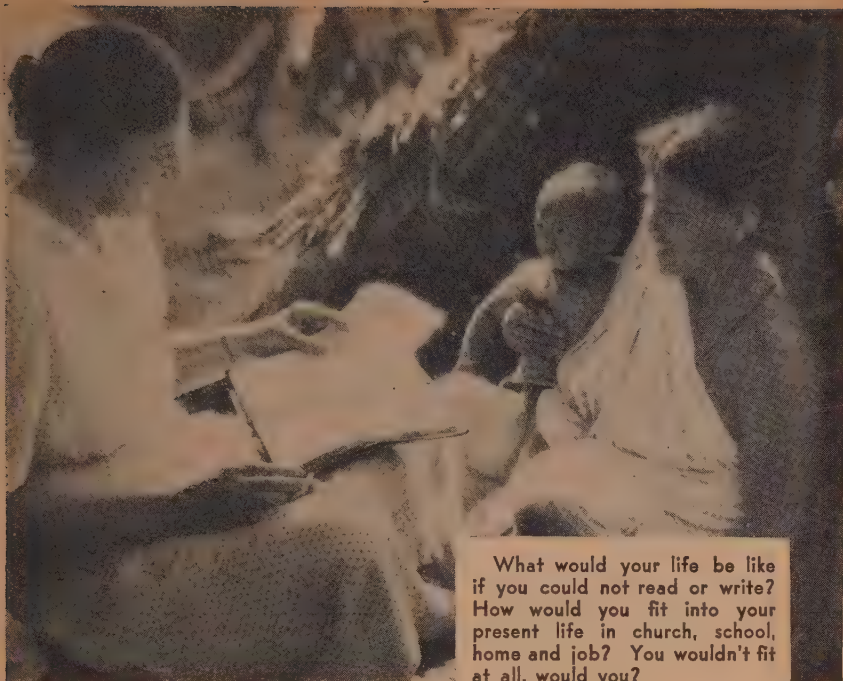
I had made arrangements for a native orchestra to play during Christmas dinner, and they attracted much attention. There were about twenty-five in the orchestra. Some sang. Two had guitars, and two ukuleles. One had four bass bamboo pipes. These were six to eight feet long, resting on the ground, and were played by being struck softly with a paddle. All the other members of the orchestra had tuned pipes of bamboo.

Monday night after Christmas I had a most unusual program with a tremendous crowd on hand—conducted entirely by the natives and enjoyed immensely by all of us.

Well, this was Christmas on our particular island last year and I suppose it will be somewhat the same this December.

Stephen E. Ayers, Chaplain, USNR, was formerly minister of our church in Manhasset, Long Island, New York.

Photographs courtesy U. S. Navy and U. S. Army Signal Corps.



What would your life be like if you could not read or write? How would you fit into your present life in church, school, home and job? You wouldn't fit at all, would you?

The Dawn of a New Era

BY MARY M. LAGO



Do you know that over half the world's people live this empty, purposeless life you have just pictured for yourself?

"The entrance of Thy word giveth light," says the Bible. That is why our missionaries start work with a Bible in one hand and an alphabet in the other. Most dramatic of all is the mass literacy movement begun by our American Board missionary, Dr. Laubach, and now spreading over three continents. Herein we picture its progress in India where, it is reported, eighty-eight per cent can neither read nor write a word.



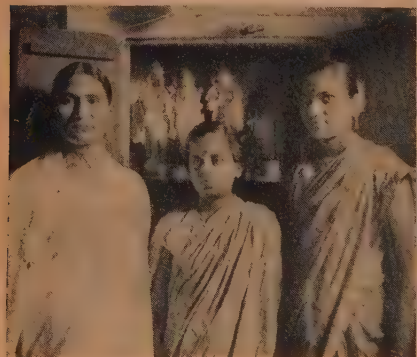
"Each one teach one" is the motto of the movement. Before the grey-haired grandmother "graduates" she brings a new pupil, her daughter-in-law, to the missionary



Newly literate, this elderly woman (below) faces life with new faith and confidence



Low-caste Christian (above) and high-caste Hindus (below) both shape India's future





India's poor work long and hard, with no chance for formal schooling, so the teacher goes to the pupil. Haltingly, but surely, a mother (above) and a farmer (below, left) read for the first time. The ability to read is no less significant in the life of the high-caste woman (below, right) who is a staunch Christian and reads her Bible regularly



Just as a light shines brightest where it is darkest, so the ability to read and write works the greatest good where ignorance and helplessness against exploitation are most prevalent.

Ignorance is not bliss. Ignorance is for the illiterate a dark and filthy prison of poverty and superstition. He is captive in it until he dies. He is unable to take his place in a democratic world because he cannot read books or papers, write of his opinions or vote. Literature, science and art mean nothing to him. The outlook for his children is no better, for they, too, are victims of the same vicious system.

We have talked much and sincerely about the Four Freedoms. But it is good to know, first of all, that over half the people of the world do not have a single one of them—and will not have them until they are made literate. They may be granted the status of free men by law, but while they remain illiterate they are forever subject to every greedy, cunning and unprincipled person who can gain from their disadvantage and helpless position.

The surest and most efficient method of preventing this exploitation is so to equip the illiterate that he is able to protect himself against it. Illiteracy is not an incurable disease. It is an evidence of neglect. Dr. Laubach proves beyond the shadow of a doubt, with thousands of new literates in Asia, Africa and South America, that his picture-reading chart works. Now we need more workers and more funds to carry on with it until every illiterate in every land—yes, in the United States, too—has learned to read and write.

But let us also remember that a little knowledge may be a dangerous thing, for persons with motives less unselfish than those of the missionary can also teach the illiterate to read. Equally important with the fact that he learns to read is what he reads. Like fire and the airplane, books can do great good, but they can also be misused for great harm. That is why church people must be interested in literacy. That is why they must keep a steady stream of good, decent, constructive literature flowing into the hands of new readers. That is why they should know the facts, tell others about them, and give—that "the entrance of His word may give light." (*Mary M. Lago is a member of the "Herald" staff.*)



Photos in this story courtesy W. L. Gullison, M.D.

OBSERVATIONS

OF THE MISSIONS COUNCIL MINISTER

CHRISTMAS is the festival of unconquerable light.

In pre-Christian times people observed December 25 as the Day of the Unconquerable Sun. Throughout the autumn, darkness gained upon light, cold overcame warmth, nature became bleak and stark. People were filled with a nameless fear. Would darkness overcome the light, was nature dying, would spring never return?

Then at the turn of the autumnal equinox the days began to lengthen and to triumph over night. With wild rejoicing the people prepared to celebrate the unconquerable sun.

As the lights of the world begin to come on again, we talk about rebuilding the world. First relief, then rehabilitation, and then reconstruction is the order of hope and expectation. However, again and again one detects the nameless fear that this is not enough. Beyond relief and rehabilitation and reconstruction there is something more for which the world gropes. Without it men say light cannot overcome the darkness of men's fears.

What is it? Is it redemption and re-creation? Yes, that is it, and that is the work of God, not of man. Man can and will bring relief, rehabilitation, and reconstruction, but only God can redeem and re-create the waste places in the spirit of man and man's togetherness.

Here is where the church and the world mission of the church come in. We will coöperate with governments and other social agencies to bring relief, rehabilitation and reconstruction, but beyond that we must open the sluices for redemption and re-creation. Our message is "God in Christ reconciling the world unto

Himself." Unless our works bring the Son of God's righteousness, love and comfort to shine "upon the people who sit in darkness," we fail as His stewards.

In Advent time we need to probe deeply into our thought of the function of missions. Christ was "the light of the world" and the light that shone in Him was God. Unless we as a church and as churches let our light so shine before men that they see our good works—and then glorify God, we fall short of our opportunity.

Beyond relief, rehabilitation and reconstruction we must needs communicate God—his presence, providence and perpetuity in the lives of men and the affairs of peoples.

A special Christmas Gift to the missionary work of our denomination is a sure and certain way to coöperate with Christ in the reconciliation of this torn and divided world. Nothing you can do at this Christmas-tide will be so effective for the thing this world needs most as to give a generous gift to God, the same to be expended in His name and spirit by our consecrated missionaries.

One year a layman in my church came to me at Christmas time and said, "I have \$250.00 to give to some good cause. Where shall I give it?" Planning together to spend that money in the ministry of Christ made that Christmas glow with a light that radiated from our hearts to the ends of the earth.

Christmas gifts in the Spirit of Christ are the lamps that make God's cathedral of earth to shine with Unconquerable Light.

A. A. Stauffacher

G. I. Joe... *makes himself at home* in England

BY FRANK SHIELD

FOR many months now our English churches have experienced fine and friendly relationships with the American soldiers who are stationed here. And when Christmas comes around, we will share enthusiastically the spirit and comfort of the season.

The growth of these English-American friendships in our own church is typical of those springing up in many English churches. Situated in a small country town, the population of which has been greatly increased through evacuation from the cities, and by the nearby presence

One of our soldiers is introduced to the English home where he will be billeted



American soldiers will attend Christmas services in the ruins of many of our churches

of an R.A.F. station, our church has become very cosmopolitan both in nationality and in denomination, so that we were more than ready to welcome American troops.

We want to pay tribute to the rapidity with which these boys found their way to the church, and to the keenness of the American chaplains to make friends and to encourage all such contacts.

From the first Sunday after their arrival, our services have been enriched and our congregation increased by the presence of fifty or sixty American service men, of many different denominations, or of no church attachment, all of whom have joined sincerely and with obvious appreciation in our worship.

On occasions we have held "American" services. Lay members of the forces have then read the Lessons

and have rendered vocal and instrumental solos, the choir has been "all-American" and as many as four chaplains, of different Protestant denominations, have shared in the planning and conduct of such a service of worship.

It has long been our practice to hold a social time after our Sunday evening services, when we have served refreshments and gotten acquainted. These personal contacts have led to still deeper friendships.

In all this our American friends have taken full part. One remembers an evening when three men each gave a short talk on "My Home State," and we heard the relative claims to fame put forth on behalf of Wisconsin, Florida and New York. If we did not then understand all the sallies and asides, we thoroughly enjoyed the humorous and friendly rivalry called forth!

On more occasions than we can

Many an American acquires Britain's gracious custom: afternoon tea with friends



Two American officers discuss plans and prospects with the village rector and his wife

remember talented American boys have shared their music with us. At our socials and games evenings, British and American games have been mutually enjoyed. We have been initiated into the delights of Bingo and have added many American songs to our community singing repertoire. Our W.A.F.F.'s are heard asking for "God Bless America," and we sometimes wonder if their desire to express this sentiment has some hidden significance!

Members of the forces have also assisted in the regular work of the church. One is temporarily a member of the choir and on occasion acts as choirmaster. Others have taught in the Sunday School and still another has accepted preaching engagements in the village chapels.

But many of the happiest and most fruitful contacts have been made in the homes of our church members. We all have many boys who drop in when they feel like it and who, now that we have overcome their initial reluctance to consume our rations (due to well-meaning, but misguided



"It's next best to being at home," says this sergeant. We think the reasons are obvious!

instructions in "the little white book"), often share our evening meal.

Two young farmers from the Middle West spent an enjoyable evening tramping an English farm, viewing the livestock and comparing crops, prices and methods with the farmer.

Another home that has the facilities often receives American help in making (and disposing of) ice cream. The Manse has been initiated into the gastronomic delights of fried chicken. The minister's wife, who protested that "oh boy!" was surely not a suitable response to make to her, is now known as "Babe!" An R.A.F. friend of one family, who went into the kitchen of their home, was surprised to find an American soldier, clad in tunic and underpants, industriously ironing his trousers, and to be greeted with the heartfelt words, "Oh boy, the hospitality I've received in this house!"

Besides food and fun, we have shared the depths of fellowship together. Letters have gone from the Manse and other homes to American ministers and to wives at home, giving news of these boys and expressing our appreciation of their Christian comradeship and fine spirit. We have been introduced by photograph and conversation to many American families and churches.



A great event for all concerned: an American soldier takes tea with an English family

One last picture. On the evening of June 6 three boys have supper at the Manse. Excited, yet sobered, we listen to the news of the invasion begun that morning. One boy has a brother in the American paratroops landed that morning in Normandy. Their concern is all for their home folks in America, who will imagine that they are in the fighting and be caused needless anxiety; yet at the back of our minds is the thought that before long these three will be in it, too.

After the news, we sit talking until eleven-thirty at night, when there is a move and one boy says, "I think we ought to finish this evening with prayer." So, one after the other, three typical American boys voice very simply and directly their thanksgiving to God, their prayers for their home folk, their desires to be finer and better men.

The minister closes. There are warm handclaps and they set off for camp saying, "We couldn't have spent the invasion evening in a better place or way!"

Frank Shield is minister of our Congregational Church at Moreton-in-Marsh, England.

Photographs courtesy British Information Service.

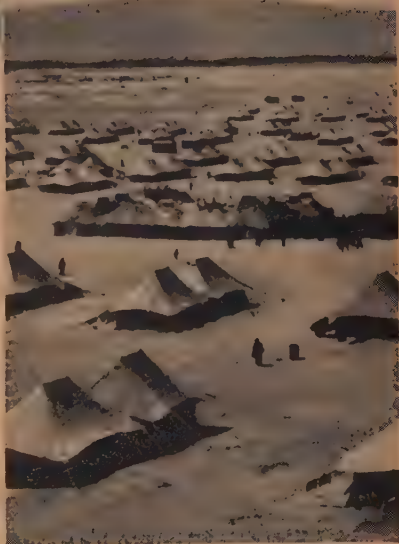


The Gift of Life

BY DOROTHY P. CUSHING

AT this Christmas time, and for many years to come, the name of a certain little American woman doctor—one of our missionaries—will shine with steady glory in the minds of the refugees of Greece.

She is Dr. Ruth A. Parmelee of Athens, now Senior Medical Officer at the refugee camp in Nuseirat, Palestine. At last report there were over 8,600 refugees in the camp, with



Even a tent is a wonderful haven for refugees forced from their homes and completely dependent upon the kindness of others for necessary food, shelter and medical care.

1,700 children between the ages of six and fourteen. She is assisted by a staff of Greek and English doctors, together with several men from the British Friends Ambulance Unit and members of the Volunteer Ambulance Drivers; she bears the general responsibility for the health conditions and medical supervision of the entire camp.

Special attention is given to children with malnutrition, trachoma and scabies. Infectious diseases are isolated. About one quarter of the camp population lives in large huts housing from twenty-five to thirty people; the rest are in tents. There are eight medical inspection rooms under ten refugee Greek doctors, and they treat on an average of 500 to 600 cases daily.

Ruth Parmelee's journey from the United States to Palestine constituted what she called a "veritable geography lesson." After fifty-five days on a freighter across the Atlantic, always wearing life jackets (you couldn't get in to dinner without them!), she reached Durban, South Africa—and a bottleneck in travel.

However, the glad day came for the "flight into Egypt," which was made by airplane and which carried the little doctor over seven colonies, or countries, within five days.

Dr. Ruth is not very large, physically, but there is something epic about her life story, a new chapter of which is being written at this very moment in her fifty-ninth year. She is no stranger to war or plague or refugee camps. In Greece during the Greco-Italian war, she saw the long line of German mechanized units roll into Athens. She saw the humiliation and the beginning of starvation for a whole people.

This invasion found Dr. Parmelee, then Director of American Women's Hospitals in Greece, on the staff of a children's hospital under the leader-

ship of Crown Princess Frederika.

More than once she made trips to the front, driving through the snow down the steep mountains toward Koritsa, giving a lift wherever possible to cold, weary soldiers with bloodshot eyes.

Just before she left Greece she met a Greek soldier, still wearing the forbidden uniform. With her was another American woman, a nurse. The man's toes were out of his shoes, his face swollen and unshaven, his lips parched, his eyes glazed with hunger and fatigue. Speaking to him gently, the two women offered him help, food and guidance to his destination. Gradually, and with great effort the soldier drew himself up and speaking in a barely audible voice replied, "No thanks. You have your laws and we have ours."

At a loss at first to understand him, Dr. Parmelee suddenly realized that he had taken her and her companion for Germans! When the soldier finally realized that they were Americans, a pathetic scene followed. He did accept some help but refused food and walked away mumbling "God bless America!"

Dr. Parmelee left Greece because there was nothing more she could do, but her main aim in life from then on was to get back as quickly as possible. She is well on her way to doing that right now.

She is a daughter of the Near East, for she was born in Turkey of missionary parents. She speaks Armenian, Turkish and Greek fluently. Her alma mater, Oberlin College, in 1943 gave her an honorary degree of Doctor of Science. In May of that same year she received the degree of Master of Public Health from Harvard University after a year's study.

As a representative of the American Women's Hospitals in Greece, Dr. Parmelee was requested to help



A class in psychology for Greek nurses, the care of half-starved refugee babies or the supervision of a maternity hospital are routine tasks for Dr. Parmelee

organize a school of nursing in the Children's Hospital. She also taught the nurses psychology, using a simplified text which she prepared herself and put into Greek!

Her professional career in the Near East began in 1914 when she worked in Harpoot, Turkey, for eight years. In 1922 she went to Greece to aid the Greek and Armenian refugees who were fleeing across the

Aegean following the Smyrna catastrophe. From 1925 on, Ruth Parmelee has had charge of hospitals, nurse training and public health. When this war is over she'll do it again! . . . She may even now be in Greece.

Dorothy P. Cushing is Director of our Congregational Christian Press Bureau.

Photographs on page 17 courtesy of U. S. Army Signal Corps and United Yugoslav Relief.



Paul Cassen, two service friends and mascot

Orchids

for the Cassens!

LAST Christmas, the servicemen of the Cross Keys Division stationed in India presented to Betty Cassen a brooch and to Paul a diamond Cross Keys stickpin in appreciation of the many kindnesses of these friendly Congregational missionaries. Read the editorial on the opposite page which appeared in a recent copy of the paper published by the men of the Division. We anticipate another happy Christmas for the Cassens in India.

INTRODUCING...

We don't really think that the charming couple, Paul and Betty Cassen, need much introduction.

They are known to hundreds of our people in the Division for their kindness and hospitality to Cross Keys personnel.

Both Paul and Betty came from Baltimore, Maryland. There Betty had a job as a private secretary while Paul was getting his Bachelor of Arts degree. Paul then decided to enter the ministry. Securing his Bachelor of Divinity degree, and marrying Betty, the two of them set forth for India to see what adventures would befall them. They have remained in this country, apart from two short visits home, for the last nineteen years.

Their first contact with the Cross Keys came when Betty found three men sitting by the side of the road and invited them to the Cassen bungalow for a cup of tea.

Since that time their friends in Cross Keys have become legion. Betty reckons to serve twenty-four cups of tea on normal days to passers-by. A Yorkshire lad taught Betty how to make tea.

"One lad told me," said Betty, "that I make better tea than any American he has ever met. I'm not sure how much of a compliment that is!"

On the walls of the Cassen sitting-room hang numerous pictures done by Division personnel who have stayed at their home while on leave.

And we want Betty and Paul Cassen to know how much we all appreciate their kindness. "Thank you both very much."

Yes, this is Betty Cassen, with a few of the soldiers who stop in for a "spot of tea"





Randolph S. Merrill, D. Brewer Eddy, Enoch F. Bell and Carl Heath Kopf at the dinner honoring Dr. Eddy and Dr. Bell as they retire after long, distinguished service

Distinguished Veterans Retire

BY ASHLEY DAY LEAVITT

SECRETARIES Enoch Bell and Brewer Eddy of our American Board for Foreign Missions were the guests of honor at a delightful party held in the dining room of the First Church, Cambridge, Monday evening, October 30. About 250 persons were present.

The whole group enjoyed immensely the tribute paid by Miss Mabel Emerson for the staff, including some candid camera shots. Mrs. Grover brought the affection and appreciation of the Congregational Christian women, particularly for inspiration and assistance given by both men in the days of the merger. Rockwell Harmon Potter gave eloquent testimony to their distinguished work as secretaries of the American Board and their world wide leadership and influence.

The high point in the proceedings came when Carl Kopf, Enoch Bell's

minister, presented him with an engraved tribute from all the friends present, a set of books, and a personal heartfelt expression of appreciation. This was followed by Randolph Merrill, Brewer Eddy's minister, making a similar presentation, followed by an equally moving personal address.

Both men then had their say, and the familiar touch of eloquence and persuasiveness was in their words. All present were convinced that whatever changes in their relationship with the American Board may come, they are still going to serve us in the churches as in the days when they made missionary history.

Dr. Leavitt, who served as toastmaster at the testimonial dinner described above, is minister of our Harvard Church, Brookline, Mass.

Photo, courtesy of the Boston Herald, by Joe Dixon.



Let's make this—

A Children's Christmas!

BY HELEN K. DAVIS

ARTABAN, "The Other Wise Man," as Henry Van Dyke has described him, foretold the Star of Bethlehem, and sold his house and all his possessions to go to meet the King.

With him he carried three great gems: a sapphire, a ruby and a pearl. All his life was given to the search for the promised one. He missed joining the other wise men because he tarried to bring life back to a Hebrew outcast dying of the fever. In consequence the sapphire had to be sold to make provision for his lone journey out across the desert.

When he reached Bethlehem, Joseph had fled with Mary and the Christ to Egypt. Weary and depressed, Artaban took refuge in a village home. To each home Herod's

men came and murdered the first-born child. But before one doorway stood Artaban. His face was as calm as though he were watching the stars, and in his outstretched hand lay the ruby, glistening like the heart's blood of the child he would ransom.

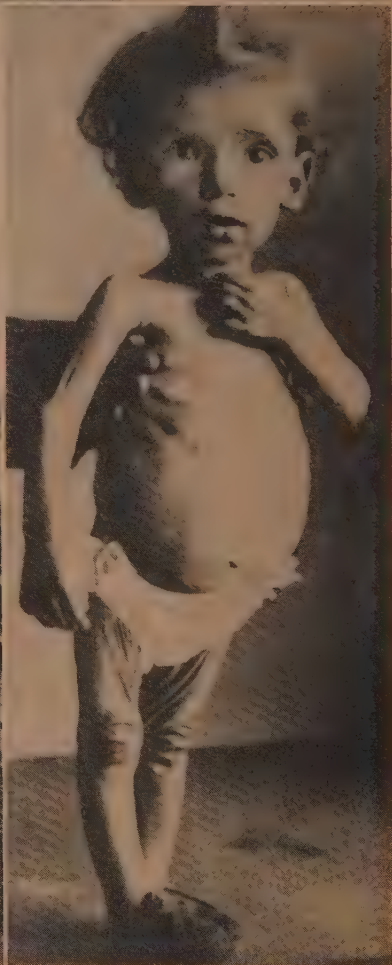
"I am waiting to give this jewel to the prudent captain who will leave me in peace."

And again he was late upon his journey and he missed the King. But his eyes were on the Star, and in his ears there rang the voice of a woman weeping for joy: "Because thou hast saved the life of my little one, may the Lord bless thee and keep thee. . . ."

If someone came to you this very day and said, "In the house next door to you" or "in the home a block down the street, little children, about the age of your Mary or your



These are not pictures you like to see at Christmas, are they? But see them you should, for these are the children whose Christmas brings no bulging stockings, shining tree or family dinner. Theirs is just another day of gnawing hunger, aching cold and blank despair—or a day when, like the Chinese child, center above, they may just lie down along the road and die





Yet by sharing the good things of your own Christmas, you can work miracles like that of the Greek child, left center, who was saved from death by a consignment of milk sent from America, and in eight months grew into the healthy child pictured at the right. Your gifts to our C.W.V.S. will do the same for thousands in Poland, Russia, India, China—or wherever there is a need



John, are dying of starvation. I've seen them. They have the 'hunger sickness' and their stomachs are bloated and their ankles and wrists are swollen. Their eyes are puffed out the size of eggs and are exuding pus in streams down their cheeks. In a week, the doctor says, they will be blind."

You know what you would do. You would take the supper from your table and carry it to that home down the street. Day by day you'd divide your meals in half to be sure that those children were eating.

If your own son or daughter came home from school and said, "One of the kids doesn't have any shoes, and came to school with his feet wrapped in rags today," you'd take every available pair of shoes in the house, even if it left "your own" with a single pair, to see that the child was cared for.

Because the name is foreign, and the little body suffers thousands of miles away, does not make the agony any less real, or the responsibility any less surely ours! Seventy-five per cent of the children of Greece have tuberculosis, chronic malaria, or permanent deformation due to malnutrition.

In Bengal last year, the famine took more lives than all the enemy action in the British Empire in the past four years. One of our chaplains writes describing twenty little Indian children digging in the army garbage trucks for food.

At an educators' conference last April, one representative made the statement that it will be unnecessary to plan for ten million French children, since their health is so impaired by insufficient and poor foods that they will not live to reach high school.

From China one worker writes: "I have seen orphanages where the children died at the rate of twenty a day, and others where the still-

living but hopeless cases were placed in a room with the dead awaiting burial."

Another woman writes: "In our baby camps the children look as if they were turned out on an assembly line—but each one needs love and care just as American babies do."

It is this "love and care" we Christians must provide. After the bodies are fed, the little souls must know security and warm affection.

Look!—there in your hand, a ruby! It glows "redder than a ray of sunrise; red as the heart's blood of the children your gift may ransom." It may be the price of a movie, a sacrificial meal, a pair of shoes, but it has that deep "life-color," none the less.

Artaban, after thirty-three years of searching, toiled up the road to Golgotha, a wild hope of seeing his Lord at last in his heart. A troop of Macedonian soldiers came down the street dragging a young girl off to slavery. His last jewel, a pearl of great price, bought her life.

His journey was over. He had missed the King. He had followed the Star, but gotten lost in the needs of the world and given the gifts for the Christ to the hungry and imprisoned. Yet, even as death overtook him, the young slave girl saw a strange, sweet smile touch his lips, and heard a voice like music sounding from a distance:

"Even as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Helen K. Davis is a member of the staff of our Committee for War Victims and Services.

Contributions should be addressed to C.W.V.S., 287 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Photographs courtesy Church Committee for Relief in Asia, American Red Cross, Russian War Relief, Greek War Relief and Polish Information Service.

Is It Fair . . .

ASKS MODERATOR BRIDGES

TO ASK PEOPLE AND CHURCHES FOR MONEY FOR THE UNIT PLAN IF THEY ALREADY HAVE GIVEN TO THE DEBT OF HONOR?

SOME time ago I had a long discussion with the leaders of one of our churches which had given most liberally to the Debt of Honor campaign. These men had done nothing for the Unit Plan and felt that their church had no obligation to do anything since it had contributed its share and more in the previous drive.

Our argument was not at all heated because we agreed on so many points. They said that the Unit Plan was very much worth while and should be loyally supported; I granted that their church had discharged its obligations on any basis of comparison with the rest of the churches.

I pointed out, however, that this sort of comparison is not the best basis for Christian action. It seems to me that one's Christian duty is never done as long as work remains unfinished, as long as there is need. Putting it on a personal ground, if I gauged my own church work on a basis of comparison with the average work of laymen in the country I might have stopped some time ago.

I sympathize with any minister or layman who finds himself in this Debt of Honor-Unit Plan dilemma. If it was promised to the church givers that the Debt of Honor campaign would wipe out the deficiency in our pension funds, then it appears like a breach of faith to come back and ask for more money for the Unit Plan. However, our people are not unreasonable. When they understand the circumstances and know the truth about the whole story, they do not stand at one side and



This couple, shown with their two grandchildren, is typical of Unit Plan recipients

criticize, but join in with good spirit.

The response of our Fellowship to the simple, plain appeal of the Unit Plan has been a heartening experience for all of us who have shared in the responsibility. Hundreds of individuals and churches, previous contributors to the Debt of Honor Fund, have quietly and graciously taken hold of the burden again and borne a portion of it.

Although for reasons of convenience and a sort of orientation we so fix quotas and try to figure earthly justice by means of arithmetic, the whole glory of Christendom is seen in the lives of those who have gone beyond mathematics in setting their duty.

Ronald Bridges is Moderator of our General Council.



N. H. commissions a minister
for life work in rural areas

New Hampshire *Trail Blazer!*

BY ROBERT G. ARMSTRONG

WHERE is the greatest need in our Fellowship today?

It is in the rural churches, in areas economically unable to maintain a full-time resident minister. Two-thirds of all of our churches are in small towns or rural areas. Practically all of our church school literature and much of our planning in other areas of work is geared to the city church. We are all too apt to think in terms of quantity rather than of quality.

Why should we be concerned about the small town and rural church?

Because these churches are the "source springs" of seventy-five per cent of our leadership, not only for the ministry but for all walks of life. Because better than seventy-five per cent of the increase of church membership in our city churches comes from these fields. Because in all of our cities the death rate exceeds the

birth rate. Only in the country does the birth rate exceed the death rate. With the cessation of immigration, our cities are dependent upon the rural areas for the maintenance of their populations. It is, therefore, tremendously important that we "keep the source springs pure."

How are we doing this?

For many years our national and state home missionary organizations have been subsidizing such churches. We have been concerned about having the right type of leadership. We have sought to develop better techniques for rural work. But the curse of the rural church has been the short-term pastorate. Men have had to leave these fields for more lucrative churches in order to educate their children and to care for their family needs. A short pastorate cannot build firm foundations for the future.

New Hampshire is blazing a new trail! The Board of Trustees of the



White-painted church and quiet road symbolize the serenity of the country town

New Hampshire Congregational Christian Conference, after careful

Where winter is long and traveling difficult, the rural church must assume added responsibility for its people. A minister committed to this work makes this possible



Community life in Nelson, New Hampshire, has pivoted around this church since 1841

study, has voted to commission a well-qualified man for life work in



the rural churches of New Hampshire, on much the same terms as the American Board commissions a man for life service in the foreign field. He will receive a base salary and house, car allowance, health insurance, grants-in-aid when his children are of college age, and his Pilgrim Annuity membership.

On his part, he will yield himself and his service to the direction of the Board of Trustees, who will decide where he shall serve and the length of his service in that given place. He will find his satisfaction, not in ecclesiastical preferment, but in the realization that he is, in the judgment of the Board of Trustees, serving in the most needy field in the state. Of course the term "needy field" will not always mean the most destitute. It may be a case of the field's needing just the leadership he can give at the time of a particular emergency. As he continues his service he will, naturally, develop certain abilities and techniques that will make him increasingly efficient in meeting the problems of the rural field.

In addition, the Board of Trustees authorized the Minister of the Conference to approach the seminaries, in an attempt to secure a New Hampshire Band of young men who would dedicate five years of their service to work in the rural areas of the state, reviving the splendid traditions of the well-known Maine, Iowa and Yale Bands of fifty years ago. It is the hope of the Board that out of such a group may come two or three men qualified to be commissioned for life service.

Marshall M. Stevenson, of Piermont, New Hampshire, will be the first man thus commissioned for life work in the home missionary field. A Harvard graduate, an excellent musician, an athlete, a good executive, a thorough student, a leader of men and a warm-hearted pastor, he comes to this important work well equipped.

His first field of service will be in Canterbury, where one of his major tasks will be to lead the community in the rebuilding of the meeting-house, which was destroyed by fire. He will also seek to bring the church to self-support and to create a church life, with a strong organization, to go forward into the future with courage and vision. This may take five or seven years.

When he has completed his work there, he will be sent to another field—perhaps not as attractive in many ways as is Canterbury, but with a deep need to be met. He accepts this commission with a deep sense of privilege and a real spirit of consecration. Mr. Stevenson begins his work the early part of November. A special commissioning service will be held in connection with the annual meeting of the Conference in May.

New Hampshire blazes a new trail! The experiment will undoubtedly be watched throughout the nation as one that presents a new strategy in the approach to the home missionary field and its needs.

Robert G. Armstrong is the Minister of our New Hampshire State Conference.
Title photograph by Harold Orne.

Materials which will aid your Every Member Canvass Committee this year have been sent to your minister. Order this material now—for church distribution, committee members, canvassers and young people. It will help you to achieve success on Canvass Day. Missions Council, 287 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.



At last I am safely here, and what a marvelous trip it was from the U.S.A. via Calcutta! I wish you could all have enjoyed it with me. Most of the people on the plane from Calcutta to China lay back in their chairs and slept, but I sat with my nose fairly glued to the window pane.

There had been rain in the night and there was a pretty sunrise as we were getting off. The plane was

Chungking, China comfortable with seats that had adjustable backs, and it was comfortably warm so I didn't need any wrap. There were some empty seats till we left Kunming, so I could move back and forth and look out the windows on whichever side seemed more interesting.

India looked much more attractive from the air than it had looked



The long line outside the soup kitchen is a familiar sight in almost any Chinese city

before. The first part of the way was over rice fields in various shades of green with tiny villages scattered through and rivers winding all about. We were five thousand feet up, but the air was so clear I hadn't guessed we were nearly so high.

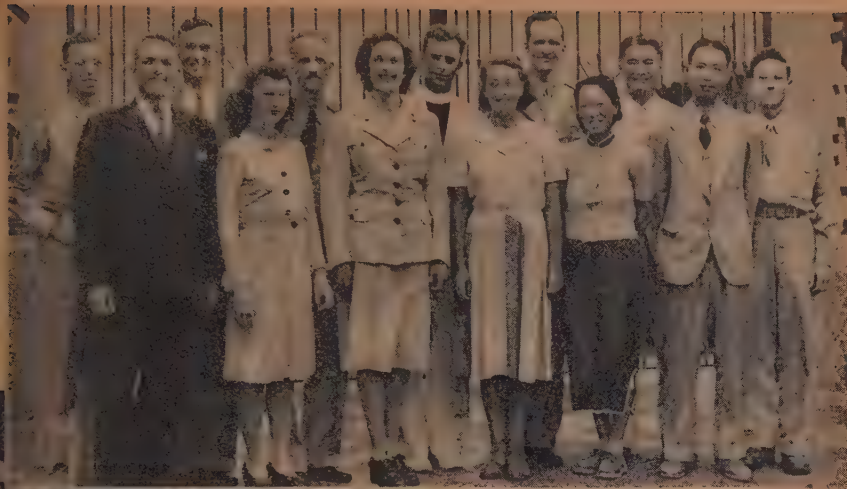
Most of the way we were above the cumulus clouds, but a little below the cirrus clouds. The colorings were very beautiful, like a Maxfield Parrish picture, especially in the mountains. I think my greatest thrill came when way off to the northwest above a bank of clouds I saw two shining snow-capped peaks, just tiny points sticking through the clouds. The pilot said they were the Himalayas, and that one was quite certainly Mt. Kinchinjunga. If he was correct, then the other was Mt. Everest, judging from the positions.

Except for the plain around Kunming all that I saw of Yunnan was mountainous. There were some trees but not the dense forests we saw east of the hump. In some places there were terraced fields which were a



The Burma Road, so vital to China as this. Women and children ch

beautiful sight from the plane, but much of the country seemed of little economic value. We had two regular pilots, one Chinese and one Aus



This group is typical of Christian workers who are directing rehabilitation in China



foot by foot by means as primitive
e solid rock, carried it off in baskets

tralian, and a Chinese co-pilot who had been in America some years. I talked some with him and the Australian. They came back every

once in a while to see that we were all right and to answer questions. But I could have asked more questions if someone had been at hand all the time!

As soon as we crossed the highest range, there was a change in the general appearance. The vegetation was not so dense, and the soil that showed through had a reddish tinge. The villages began to have a distinctly Chinese look, quite different from Indian villages.

No one met me as no one knew when I'd be arriving, but there was an American Methodist woman there seeing a friend off to Kunming (the plane went right back that same evening) who helped me some. Then when I was through customs and at the top of the hill across the part of the river that runs between the island and the mainland, an American lieutenant found he was being met by a jeep, so took me along to my destination, which helped a lot as distances are great here and transportation poor. There are no taxis; there is one bus line through the

For Information About Your Church Mission Project

Letters from our missionaries on the field and from those who are arriving at their posts of service (by sea, land and air) are long distance runners bearing good news of safe arrival, conditions on the field and of the

continuing work. Reprints of this letter (with pictures) and other letters from the field are available for all churches interested. Write to James E. Walter, Secretary of the Project Department, 14 Beacon Street, Boston.

length of the city which is efficient but very limited as to the amount of the city it covers. The rickshas are the most rickety, disreputable things imaginable, and expensive. When I reached the house I realized I was tired, but I think it was remarkable how well I got through the trip, considering that I had had almost no sleep the night before. My ears hurt like an earache all evening.

I am staying at the Friends International Center which is an old Canadian Mission House. It is large and attractively located overlooking the river, but it is very out of repair. The first night I was here twenty-nine people slept here and they have crowded in forty. Part are the Friends Ambulance Unit and part are transients like me. The food is simple but good and not so different from what we used to have at Techow except that there is no ice and drinking water is never cool.

It was very hot when I arrived—ninety-eight on the porch and very little breeze. There are electric fans in the living room and dining room, but none in bedrooms. Also the electric current is off part of the time. When I sat down to breakfast Sunday morning I found that the young Chinese woman beside me was Chou I-Mei, a former Techow schoolgirl, now Mrs. Yang. She was married a month ago to Dr. Yang, a graduate of Cheeloo Medical School who is working with the F.A.U. She gave me lots of news of Chinese friends here and in other places.

Sunday I attended a service here at the house in the morning, then went to a union English service in the afternoon. The congregation was largely English-speaking Chinese.

Monday morning I started off to get various bits of business taken care of. I went to the Methodist mission and got some money from Mr. Coole, formerly of Peking, and whose sister is Mrs. Mann, the wife of our Grinnell (Iowa) church's pastor.

Margaret and Anna Moffet arrived that evening. They had had a good trip, but cloudier than mine, so they hadn't been able to see the view all the time. Yesterday, Margaret, Anna, and I went to the bank and to the Post Office to make reservations on the postal truck to Chengtu. They sell two seats in the cab each day, but these are always taken some days in advance. We also registered with the police, and so forth.

Jim Hunter is waiting for us at Chengtu and hopes to get permission for us to go on to Sian. We won't decide on location till we get to Chengtu.

Love to you all,

ALICE REED

Miss Reed, with Miss Margaret Dow and Miss Smith, are representatives of our American Board for Foreign Missions and will teach in Chengtu and Chintang.

Appointed an American Board missionary in 1916, Miss Reed has served continuously in China. She returned to the U. S. on the "Gripsholm" in August, 1942.

Helping Through Prayer

DEAR FRIENDS:

This word has recently come to me from India: "We are facing obstacles today; a political impasse is one of them. The Government, Congress, and the Moslem League all need our prayers. Pray that the leaders of all parties may remove the hindrances to coöperation and give of themselves unselfishly to solve them. It is only by united endeavor that India's problems can be solved, whether they are political or economic. This requires a change of heart in all; a change of heart can come only by prayer. . . . Pray that our people will have their eyes opened, and see in Christ the only Saviour for all India's ills. Then pray for the Church of India. We thank God for its growth but mourn the divisions that separate us. Pray that we may become united and endued with power from on high for the tasks that lie before us. Brethren, pray for that."

I recall an incisive paragraph in one of the late Dr. Cornelius H. Patton's addresses: "I give you the most clinching word of all, the straightest utterance in all the Bible . . . 'I exhort therefore, that, *first of all*, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men, . . . for this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour; who will have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the Truth.' All kinds of prayer for all kinds of men. . . . Thereby the community idea takes on the largest possible significance; thereby it saves itself from the taint or suspicion of the self-regarding motive. *The Community of Christ exists for the sake of the community of the world.* Only as the church has the world on its heart and prays unceasingly that the world may

come to the knowledge of the truth can the church receive the power of God."

I have been re-reading Jeremiah with the guidance of Dr. Raymond Calkins' book on "Jeremiah the Prophet." It is astonishing how well it fits the modern scene. Here is a noteworthy passage: "In his prayer life we find the beginnings of what we must call a new religion. Hitherto, as every reader of the Old Testament knows, prayer had consisted almost exclusively on petition. Men prayed for good harvests, for victory, for deliverance. Men offered prayers of thanksgiving for favors received. Men prayed for forgiveness or sought for pardon. These down to the time of Jeremiah made up the burden of Old Testament prayers. No one can read the prayers of Jeremiah without realizing that he is in a new religious atmosphere. For the first time in Hebrew history, the petitional element in prayer falls into the background, and prayer assumes its highest form, that of intimate spiritual communion with God."

During December we are asked to pray for the following members of the Near East Mission: Harley, Ingle, E. W. Riggses, Mrs. H. H. Riggs, Comptons, Carletons, Wards, Block, Silliman, Fenenga, Norton, Maynards, Woodruff, Douglass, Stoltzfuses. Also for a number of their national colleagues in Greece, Bulgaria, and Syria. Also for the Christian churches and institutions which mean so much to the peoples of the Near East. We should pray also for the Turkish people and their Government which faces such difficult alternatives.

Fred Hyde Goodsell

Christmas[★]



This Veteran of the Cross takes pride in his granddaughter and his great-grandson

HE was seventy-four years old and still in the pastorate. For almost forty years he had served small churches, never receiving a salary of more than \$1,000. He was anxious to keep on, but his eyesight was failing. Last summer he was almost totally blind and knew that the time he dreaded had come. There seemed little to look forward to. Unbelievable as it seems, he had saved a few hundred dollars, but that was all. Ahead were years of inactivity, loneliness—and darkness. But there was nothing else to do. He resigned from his church and faced the future, a good soldier of the cross, honorably discharged.

Not all the demobilization awaits V-Day. Year by year, month by month, the older members of our ministry are stepping out of active service and joining the ranks of the Veterans of the Cross. They have faced less physical danger than our

soldiers and sailors, but they have served with equal devotion. We of the churches through which they have given their lives surely owe them a debt in their years of retirement.

The man who has served the cause of Christ in our Congregational Christian churches deserves an old age of physical comfort, freedom from anxiety for himself and his wife, and a sense of continuing fellowship with the churches. The Ministerial Relief does its best to provide these things. But Ministerial Relief funds are limited, the grants are small, and the living of our veterans is pitifully restricted.

At Christmas time the people of our churches contribute a special fund from which our regular grants

As a minister's wife, she, too, has served faithfully and is a Veteran of the Cross



for the Veterans of the Cross!

BY FRANK J. SCRIBNER

are supplemented. Last year 718 checks were mailed at Christmas time. Since many of these went to married couples, it is safe to say that more than 1,000 persons received Christmas gifts. What these gifts meant is best told in quotations from letters received from our veterans.

"I thank you for the check which came yesterday. It solves the problem as to how I am to have a pair of shoes. I was wondering and praying about it."

"We have had a hard winter and coal is \$2.00 a ton higher than last winter. Eggs are thirty cents a dozen, flour \$2.19 for fifty pounds. We were wondering if we would make it until spring. Now with this check I know we will."

"Your check from the Christmas fund came this morning. The coal pile is at almost the vanishing point with me, and the check will take care of that; then some necessary clothes and furnishings. It is marvelous how our special needs have been provided for during the year—thanks to God and the Fund."

A part of the Christmas Fund is reserved as an Emergency Fund for use throughout the year. Calls upon it average about one for every working day. Our pensioners constantly meet with circumstances for which they cannot possibly provide out of their regular incomes. Most often it is a hospital experience. Old bones are brittle, and a broken collarbone or hip creates a pressing emergency to people living on a few hundred dollars a year. Similar emergencies run all the way from a broken lense in a pair of glasses to a stove that falls to pieces.



The small comforts which are made possible by the Christmas Fund mean much to him

The Emergency Fund has made possible much needed dentistry, it has replenished coal bins in unusually severe winters, it has helped put storm windows upon a home, it has softened the shock of bereavement by helping meet the expenses of last illness and burial. When emergencies arise it is a blessing to have at hand the Emergency Fund upon which we can draw immediately and without technicalities.

Send your contributions to the Christmas Fund, Board of Home Missions, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, New York. Make checks payable to The Christmas Fund.

Frank J. Scribner is Secretary of our Ministerial Relief Division.

Mr. Layman!

Have You Thought of This?

Saturday: "Dad, we three kids want to go to the movies."

"O.K., Son, here's a dollar."

Sunday: "Dad, we three kids want to go to church."

"Fine! Church is a noble institution. Here's a dime for the collection."

Do you smile at that? Well, it isn't funny. It's tragic. Dad's mental process baffles us.

Ask him if he believes the movie theatre to be one thousand per cent more valuable to the community than the church and he is horrified. "Of course not," he says. "We need the church."

"And how," you ask him, "do you figure that you are entitled to have this noble institution at hand if you do nothing for its support?" He hasn't thought of that.

Many in our churches give at great sacrifice. Many others would give more than they do if they had a different slant on relative values. And there are thousands who attend church more or less regularly who give little or nothing just because they don't think the matter through.

"Give," in reference to church support is a misuse of the word, anyway. When you go to a show you don't give your money to the girl at the window. You buy something—entertainment. When you make a subscription to the church, you are not giving, you are buying—shares in Christian civilization—stock in a worldwide corporation that pays dividends in a cleaner community, a better world, higher ideals, a vision



BY F. HOWARD SEELY

Layman, First Congregational Church, Oakland

of peace through the way of life taught by Jesus Christ.

Mr. Layman—the whole thing depends on you and me—the lay members of our churches who take the thing seriously. We can do it, and no one else can, but a lot of us will have to change our attitude.

We shall have to make the church important in our lives; talk about it; enthuse over it; tell our friends what it is doing.

Our job is to prove that our church is more important than anything else. Support it generously and substantially this year!



Awaiting Liberation in the Philippines

THE landing of American troops on Leyte on October 19 began a period of acute suspense for all those connected with internees in the Philippines—hopeful joy mixed with deep concern. The map on this page shows the places at which our missionaries were located by the last cables:

Baguio—Rev. and Mrs. Walter C. Tong and their three children;

Los Banos—Rev. Darley Downs, Miss Valley Nelson, and Rev. and Mrs. Alvin H. Scaff with their little boy;

Santo Tomas (Manila)—Rev. Frank Cary, Rev. and Mrs. Edward L. Nolting, Mrs. Pearl Spencer, Miss Frances Thompson and Mrs. Frank J. Woodward.

A cable from Mr. Cary received on October 26 read: "Nelson interned Banos. Thompson well. All our missionaries probably fair health." A cable a few days later from Mr. Nolting used similar language. It would appear that the long stretch of internment food and possibly the stricter confinement of the last few months have reduced the vigor of our group, although Miss Thompson appears to have recovered from the illness she has been fighting for almost three years. The word "probably" appears to indicate that although Mr. Cary had learned the location of those outside Santo Tomas, he was not in close enough touch with them to know about their health.

Santo Tomas is the big internment center in Manila. *Los Banos* is about fifty miles south of Manila,

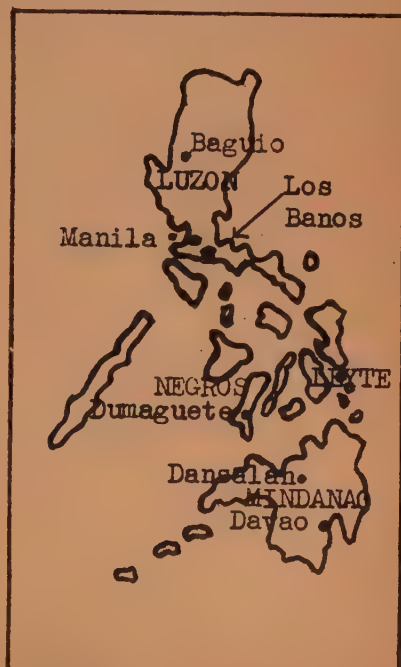
on the south shore of Laguna de Bay. The camp is on the grounds of the agricultural college there. *Baguio* is in the mountains about 175 miles north of Manila.

To Arrive Soon from Lisbon

Before this issue appears, Dr. and Mrs. Merlin W. Ennis of the West Central Africa Mission should have reached America.

Sad and Glad News from Foochow

A cable from Mr. Galt received in Boston on October 21 informed the Board of the "widespread mourning"





Foochow Compound in which interned missionaries have "considerable freedom"

caused by the "tragic death" on October 8 of Rev. Y. S. Lin and his wife, presumably in connection with the occupation of the city by the Japanese. Mr. Lin (known in Foochow as Ling Iu-cu) has been the General Secretary of the Mid-Fukien Synod of the Church of Christ in China since its beginning, and was known and honored in church circles throughout China.

The same cable reported that the missionaries interned in Foochow (Dr. Dyer, Miss Houston and Miss Jacobs) "have considerable freedom," which may mean that they are still able to care for the sick in the Pierce Memorial Hospital, which is right next to the residence compound and connected with it.

The Division of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Church received on November 2 a cable reporting that Miss Alice Wilcox of their mission, interned with Dr. Dyer, was "safe, well" on October 24. The same cable reports that two of their mission residences had been "burned accidentally October 10", and that their storage warehouse, other residences and the buildings of Huanan College had been looted. Our property may or may not have escaped a similar experience.

Miss Helen Smith of Foochow is now reported in work for the religious

life of the students in the five Christian universities at Chengtu.

Mr. Hunter of the North China Mission is on his way to America for a short furlough so as to be in readiness to return to North China via West China in 1945.

Keithahns Ordered Out of India

A long controversy with the government of India has culminated in orders that Mr. and Mrs. Keithahn must leave India and they are now reported en route to America.

The India Missions will be reinforced by the recent sailings of Miss Mix, Mr. Thomas and Miss Edith Preusse for Marathi, and Mr. Charles Heineman for Madura. The last two are new appointees.

Athens and Salonika Freed

Although no direct word has come yet from Athens and Salonika, the newspapers report their liberation; and Mr. Compton of the Anatolia College faculty, temporarily with UNRRA, is reported already back in Greece.

The five young women appointees for Turkey, who traveled by air from Lisbon to Cairo, have now reached their various stations in Turkey.

Tracy Strong Back in France

Tracy Strong, Jr., supported in relief work in France and Switzerland by our Committee for War Victims and Services, has sent the following cheering radio message from Geneva: "Just returned thrilling six weeks trip France where, after establishing contact Grenoble with first American forces, visited former Friends Committees. All most enthusiastic over liberation and visit first American representatives, eagerly anticipate resume work larger scale. Returning Paris today; then plan four weeks travel southern France view reorganizing local committees. . . . Our help acutely required emergency period." November 6, 1944

Sermon of the Month

HAVE MISSIONS HAD THEIR DAY?

By Carl Brenton Bare

I Cor. 12:36—"And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it"

THIS was one of the great controlling ideas of St. Paul—that men were a unit, and not separated, as most people imagined, into watertight groups: Jews and Gentiles, Greeks and barbarians, bond and free.

Against all the current of the time, this clear-sighted thinker insisted that men were one, inter-related and inter-dependent, as the body and head and arms and legs of a man constitute together one man, not four men! And it is to his everlasting credit that, practically single-handed, he fought for this principle and suffered for it, till finally it became the accepted creed of the church that, "In Christ there is no East nor West, in Him no South nor North, but one great fellowship of love around the whole wide earth."

Now it is a not uncommon notion today that missions have had their day, and that our modern world no longer has use for them. Is that true? Or is it a silly, superficial opinion?

I am convinced that, far from being silly, no other period of the world's history has needed Christian missions as urgently as does ours. On what grounds do I say that? Let me put them before you as plainly as possible.

First, a word as to what missions and missionaries really are.

Missions are nothing else than—

how shall I say it?—"skin-grafts" of just those values we regard here as most precious in our Christian civilization, laid down upon raw, savage areas of the earth's surface and left there to grow. They mean belief in the worth of every man, that men everywhere are born men of equal standing, with men's needs, and men's possibilities and men's rights.

Hence missions embody such institutions as schools and colleges, baby clinics and kindergartens, orphanages and asylums and homes; they include doctors and nurses and hospitals; they mean Dr. Seagrave operating on Burmese boys as well as American boys; they mean more milk for Indian babies in place of rice-water; they mean that grown men and women who have never known how to read get their first intoxicating glimpse into the world of written ideas; that lepers can have their disease arrested, and need not carry their sores to the grave.

Missions mean better diet, and better sanitation, and better care for children; better homes and better people; they mean higher standards of living, and high standards of behavior; they mean more democracy and less autocracy; more freedom and less slavery; more plenty and less want; more peace and less war. And because all these values in our American life stem from one great

root—missions mean first, last and always, the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, the world's Redeemer.

To put it into a sentence: Christian missions are all these values made to grow in other parts of the world as they do here. And missionaries are the surgeons who perform this skin-grafting operation. They follow one of the most trying and one of the most dramatic careers men are experiencing anywhere.

So much for what missions and missionaries are. If all this has been outgrown in America, then it is outgrown in these other countries also; but if it is still needed and precious here, it is also needed and precious there.

My contention is that it is more precious there now than ever. And these are my reasons:

Consider the political situation of our day. The world is full of vigorous, pushing, proud, ambitious nations, jammed into a tight little globe, which gets tighter every minute. Seventy-odd years ago, when Dr. and Mrs. Messmore—friends of my parents—sailed to India, it took their ship six months to reach Bombay, around the Cape of Good Hope. Today you can get to Bombay in sixty hours. That means that our modern world is about seventy times smaller than it was seventy years ago. And what does that signify? It means that everything in India which is sub-Christian, and a threat to the good life, has moved next door to us. As long as Al Capone and his gangsters kept their hang-out in Chicago, I did not need to bother much about them. Chicago is a long way from Newport! But if they had moved into the house next door to me, I'd be concerned.

Well, that is what the airplane has done to our modern world. Everything that is evil and dangerous in it has become America's next-door neighbor, and a threat to us all.

There are about eighty million Germans and some one hundred million Japanese. If together these one hundred eighty odd millions of people could make such a hell of our world, what may not a thousand million Asiatics accomplish some day if they are allowed to grow up with un-Christian ideas?

Booker T. Washington's words, carved on his monument at Tuskegee Institute, point up this warning: "There is no security for any of us except in the highest development of all of us."

So I say that the modern world needs Christian missions as no other age has needed them in the past; if it does not become a brotherhood it is headed towards a ganghood.

What I have been asserting in this sermon was said very impressively a year ago by Wendell Willkie. Speaking of the universal enthusiasm he found in non-Christian countries for what American missionaries had done, he added: "And that, I believe, is one of the chief causes for the good-will towards the United States which now exists in almost every corner of the earth."

For better or for worse, the world is now a tight and contracted unit, in which "whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it."

Carl Brenton Bare is pastor of our United Church in Newport, Rhode Island.

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. . . for 25 cents you receive 480 pages of up-to-the-minute and profusely illustrated news of the work of your church both at home and abroad. Subscribe today to your Conference magazine through your church agent or Conference Superintendent. Subscribe to The Missionary Herald through your church agent, or Harvey L. Meeken, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL

By Harry Thomas Stock



LAST year the teachers and superintendent of the primary department of First-Plymouth Church, Lincoln, Nebraska, prepared a Christmas book which was sent to the homes of the children.

It included a message from Dr. McConnell, the pastor; poems; Christmas songs to learn; and a list of children's books for Christmas gifts, compiled from recommendations which Miss Widber, of the Division of Christian Education, had made.

In this book was a statement concerning the gift which primary children were to make at the church's White Gift Service, on Sunday, December 19, at 5 p.m. The primary children were to bring money which would help purchase primary-age books for a "browsing table" for the Rev. and Mrs. Chris Nyrop, who use the State Conference trailer to visit many churches in western Nebraska.

"In this way our gifts will be shared by many children in many communities. This little envelope should be returned to church school on December 19. The books will be

'wrapped in white' by the children at the church school."

The department also has a habit of acknowledging the birthdays of the children who wish to share some of their birthday joys. This is done on the fourth Sunday of each month. Last year this money was used for this same trailer fund.

Attached to the page on which this information was given was a yellow envelope, marked "White Gift," and containing a prayer:

"Father, bless the gifts we bring

Thee,

Give them something good to do;
May they help someone to love Thee,
May we love Thee, too."

It is none too early to consider wise ways of observing Christmas. The church will surely plan a happy time for the children. Part of this Christmas joy, if it is Christian, will be some event in which the children have an opportunity to do something for others.

Harry Thomas Stock is the General Secretary of the Christian Education Division of the Board of Home Missions.

FIELD FLASHES

BY DOROTHY P. CUSHING

"THERE WERE SHEPHERDS . . ."

ALTHOUGH strife and confusion seem almost to drown out the angels' song to the shepherds in far-off Judea, shepherds do still watch their



flocks on sunlit hillsides. These two boys, playing their flute-like pipes on the sunny slope of Mount Olympus, near Brousa, Turkey, indicate the sharp contrasts in an ever-changing land, for life in Turkish cities such as Istanbul and Ankara is filled with modern conveniences, but life in the mountains is unchanged. Turkey is one of the lands of the Near East which is an important part of the work of our American

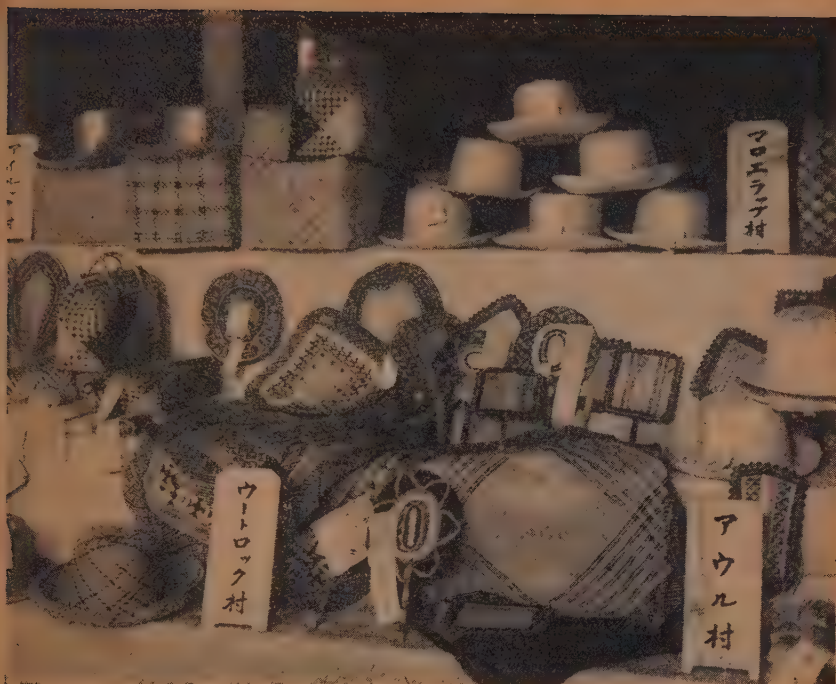
Board. The influence of our workers there, one of whom sent us this picture, is widespread in city and country.

V-12'S ON THE JOB

THE church in Minot, North Dakota, was much in need of redecorating. The young people, including the Boy Scouts, decided to do something about it and started on the Sunday School room. They soon were sturdily reinforced by a group of the Navy Unit of V-12's from the State Teachers College. These young men have been faithfully attending church services, finding "homes away from home" in the parish, teaching in the Sunday School, and singing in the choir.

INDIANS "ALL OUT" FOR EDUCATION

WHEN the American College High School in Madura, India, opened for the new year, the faculty were staggered by the rush of parents to enroll their sons. In a few hours every seat was filled, and disappointed applicants were begging to be allowed just to sit in classes, paying full fees, in the hope that some regular boys might drop out within the next three months and they could slip into their places. Inadequate classroom space limits admissions to 657 students, but total registration now is just over 700 because fifty are on the "waiting list." An excellent percentage of Christians are included among the student body.



TEN YEARS TO GROW A PALM TREE

THE Marshall Islanders live on a fish and cocoanut economy. The cocoanut, made into copra (fibre) has been their main means of livelihood. The big guns and the bombs of war have shattered these palms and they will not grow again for many years. Right now the Islanders are said to be supporting themselves by selling their lovely handwork to American servicemen. When these have gone—what then? Will the Islanders get help in organizing methods of selling to the outside world? Above are samples of their work—with Japanese price tags, to be sure, as these were made before the war.

HE SAID "THANK YOU"—AND MEANT IT!

FROM Shaowu, China, comes the story of a lad cured of the plague. He belonged to a well-to-do family. He asked his parents for \$100. It was denied. He wept bitterly. And then, as so often happens in American homes, he got the money! He wrote a message on a slip of paper, attached it to the money and put it on the church collection plate. The note read, "Thank you God, for making me well."



Missionary Doctor, by Mary Floyd Cushman, M.D. Harper & Brothers. Price \$2.75.

Thousands of people who have been entertained, informed and moved to active interest in the Christian progress of the Umbundu people in Angola, Africa, will welcome this full-sized story of Dr. Cushman's service "after fifty." And many others will, through it, make the acquaintance of a vivid Christian personality.

The first point of interest in the story is Dr. Cushman herself, although in the telling of it she tries to keep herself modestly in the background. But here is a woman who, until fifty years of age, was a practicing physician in Maine and who then realized her lifelong desire to go as a missionary to some foreign country. The American Board had imagination enough to set aside some well-established and thoroughly sound general rules and send her to West Africa.

There was no mistake in this decision, for no youthful doctor could have entered more understandingly and successfully into the require-

Have You Read?

By Hugh Vernon White

ments of the task. That is apparent on the face of this narrative. All who have heard Dr. Cushman speak and, perhaps, seen her act out the story of Umbundu life will be prepared for the combination of accurate and interesting information about the life of the people and moving interpretation of what it means to them to have the Christian gospel brought to them and the ways of Christ established among them in a Christian community.

Dr. Cushman disclaims competence as an anthropologist, but she gives a great deal of detail of the ways of these African people. It is remarkable how much of their life, of their country and of their thinking she has observed and with what sympathy and discrimination she has told their story. For, if the first point of interest in the book is the author herself, she soon beguiles the reader away from herself and causes him to become absorbed in the people. Various Umbundu personalities emerge and become real to the reader. We can see how the beliefs, customs and general environment operate upon someone in whom we have become interested.

This splendid new church was built by the Umbundus with whom Dr. Cushman worked





This African dental clinic is rather primitive, but it produces excellent results!

The missionary is never lost in the raconteur. But here is one whose warm Christian zeal has not prevented her from friendly relations with the witch doctor, her professional and religious rival. Like other missionaries of our time she has dealt with the age-old superstitions and the practice of the medicine man with real understanding. More than one of these native practitioners have abandoned their places of influence and affluence to become lay Christians because of this approach. One learns

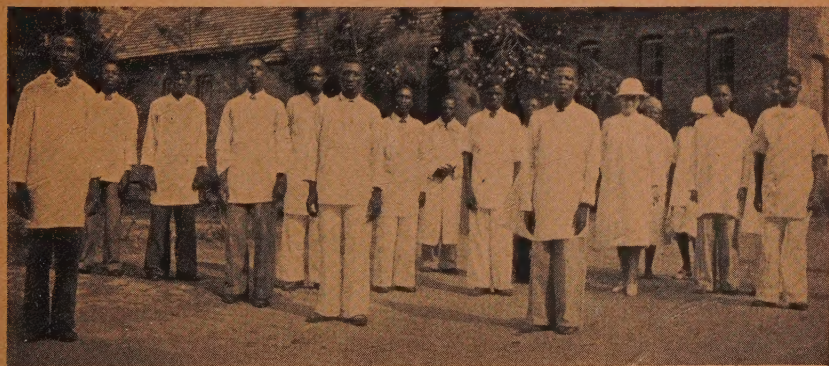


Her hospital was a center of health and healing for countless numbers of natives

more than a little about the actual work of a missionary from this story.

Dr. Cushman has shown that she could succeed as a physician in Maine before fifty, as a missionary in Africa after fifty and now, as a writer and teller of tales *after seventy*. Her stories of snakes and leopards, of grass fires and trips along the trail by hammock, of failures and successes in medical work—and the reasons thereof—lay the student of African life as well as the church member under obligation to her.

These are Dr. Cushman's hospital assistants. She never hesitates to assert that she is certain that their services would be no discredit to any American hospital



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Girl Scout work, serving as a camp
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Many of our readers who remem-
ber Mrs. Honora Debusk Smith and
her work among the Spanish-speak-
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her death on September 28 at her
home in Long Beach, California.
Speaking Spanish fluently, she found

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this might constitute a day in the
life of Dr. Leete. . . . Life is ex-
citing at ninety for William White
Leete."

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"...For Him Who Shall Have Borne The Battle..."

Abraham Lincoln